VARNA AND RUSTCHUK.

The Termini of the Bulgarian Railroad Between the Black Sea and the Danube.

DEFENCES OF VARNA

Frowning Batteries and White Encampments Guarding the Town.

AWAITING BOMBARDMENT.

A Conflict of Authority-A Consul Assaults a Turkish Official.

A PROCLAMATION.

How the Herald Correspondent Must Wait for His Buyuruldus.

Having determined to cut short my stay at Varna ed to push on to the Danube I took an early opporor the purpose of ascertaining by personal inspection the relative positions and importante of the eleven outlying forts and redouble which drown the heights to the north of the town. From the valley and lake the east, a semicircle of hills, forming a continuous ridge, with an average elevation of 1,000 feet, sweeps ound she morthern outskirts of Varna and forms an imirable defensive position.

A PORNIDABLE LINE.

Of course every available and advantageous site has been strongly fortified, and, in accordance with the surround the town, which is completely commanded by the heights. I had heard that guns of heavy calibre destined for these forts were daily being drawn up to the bills and mounted, and the luvariable absence mandant, seemed to confirm the statement. But such is the jealous care with which the defensive preparations of the furks are conducted that I could nowhere come within even the extreme shouting range of the parapets of the great earthworks, and all I could see of the gups was an occasional black muzzle looking grimly porthward through its embrasure. Compared ridge of hills were an aspect of solitude and quiet. The ground, now verdant with its spring covering, be strown with the corpses of men and shaken with the coar of a desperate conflict. "NO ADMITTANCE."

All my efforts and managuvres to approach the lortiwere futile. A yell from the sentry, accomanied by a gesture and an unpleasant manner of my intention of peeping through an embrasure.

Just at present there is no blank cartridge in my luck among the od on the level plateau which toof the town. The white tents, scattered in groups over the green sward, formed very pretty cts in the charming landscape, and one little c town nestling in a hollow under the crest of the orn range of hills was visible far away across the By assuming a nonchalant simplicity of nor I was able to ride slowly along the front of a cavalry camp, although even here a dismounted trooper waved a big sword and made me go straight on past the lines without turning round the corner.

But I could see that the tents were pitched with mathematical precision, and that the horses, picketed As for the men, they were, like all the Turkish troc have yet seen, the perfection of soldiery, and I can well understand that European officers should pro-nounce them the best material in the world. As for powder they are certainly unsurpassed. Each man is a bonne bouche. Strong, broad chested, round limbed and moving with a free swinging galt in sheir simple and picturesque, costumes, the Turkish soldiers certainly have the appearance of men with whom good generals could go anywhere and do anyphysique, for they are amonable to discipline, brave florce in battle, patient under bardship. They without asking for pay and will murch long distances with very little sustenance. The officers have not the fine personal appearance of the men, and, although as a class they are exceedingly palastaking and gallant. they have not had the opportunity of a thoroughly scientific military education such as is afforded by the schools of Western Europe.

THE EGYPTIAN CONTINGENT. There is in Varna a large contingent of Egyptia troops whom the Knedive as in guty bound has sent to Turkey to serve under his suzerian lord, the Comanger of the Faithful. The Egyptians as a bod come nearer the European ideal of disciplined soldiers than the Turks, and the training of the drill-shed is more evident among them, as might be expected, con-sidering the Knedive's intelligent appreciation of the value of European and American officers. On my way back through the town I passed through the main square or market place, and was atthat of the Egyptian contingent, and most extraor-dinary music it discoursed. Wholly in a minor key, like all Oriental music, the effect was that of a wild dirge, the same phrase being repeated over and over again until the first impression, which was strangely longing for a few bars in the major key to break the monotony. The crowd which surrounded the mumedier of sounds. Grave old white-bearded Turks wagged their heads in time, and little girls denced ut in a measure as queer as the music. street I passed a fatigue party of fifty or more soldiers dragging a huge mortar up to the forts. Moving slowly, each with a hand on the ropes, the soldiers

I noticed, too, that the very bugiers had a tendence to sound their calls in a minor key. Immediately beneath the window of the hotel where I lodged was one of the seaward bastions of the fortress, which mounted five guns, one of them a large Krupp, bestion, but when the squads dispersed their chief amusement seemed to be playing bugle calls. Six men, each with a bugle, whom I saw sitting on the parapet of the bastion playing in an exasperatingly plaintive key when I returned two bours later.

REPUGEES PROM RUSTOHUK.

chanted a dirge precisely similar to that which their

Egyptian allies were performing near by.

and children arrived by the railway from Rustehuk they were principally the families of employes of the but who had been sent away by their husbands and lathers to be out of darger, the Russians being moof the Danube, immediately opposite the Bul-garian capital. I learned from these refugees there was not now a single lady or child left in Rustchuk. All had fled some to the sea coast so as to be within easy reach of re the closing of navigation on the Danube, of g ing by boat to Vienna. In Varna itself there does not seem to be any such panic as yet, although it can

Russian invasion, being not only the principal port of Northern Turkey and one of the termini of the rail-road which connects the Danube with the Black Son, but also the key of the best and shortest road to Con-

This flight of women and children, however, impressed me more with the actuality of the state of war than the movements of troops and the transport of rege artillery, and as it betokened the advance of the Russians to the Danube no time was to be lost in pusher. Russians to the Danube no time was to be lost in pushing on so as to be as near as possible to the boundary line, some point of which will shortly be the scene of the passage of a great army into the enemy's country. Of news we got but little at Variat, and in default of news we all pored over maps and wendered where the passage would take place, one wise men of Variat stoutly maintaining, in an after dinner argument, that it would not take place at all. This oracular niterance was scarcely pronounced when This oracular utterance was scarcely prosounced when a Turkish soldier entered the room and handed the General who had been listening to the debate with stiont amusement a document. It was an order for him to repair at once to Shumia. This seemed to inand, as I learned shortly afterward that the Com-mander-in-Chief of the Turkieh army had gone to Rustchuk, and that from him alone could be obtained permission to accompany the headquarters of the army during the campaign, to Rustchuk I betook myself

THE HERALD CORRESPONDENT REPAIRS TO RUST-CHUK AND FINDS THE TOWN IN A STATE OF PANIC-GRIM PREPARATIONS ON THE ROU-

RUSTCHUK, May 10, 1877. I had just commenced a letter, in which I proposed to give some account of the line of the Danube and the probable measures of defence which would be adopted by the Turks, when the dragoman of the British Con-sulate knoozed at the door of my room in the hotel and handed me an official document, which read as fol-

NOTICE.

TO ALL SUBJECTS OF HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY (AND OTHERS) AT RUSTCHUCK:—

The undersigned bereby notifies to all British subjects in Rustchuk that, as the towns of Olieniza and Turtuksi are pircady exchanging short, the military authorities here have some reason to expect a fire from the opposite side of the Danube, possibly directed upon the raisway station.

Her Majesty's Consul for the Villayet of the Banube,

A Krupp shell itself, dropping on the table of the diningroom, could hardly have caused more excitement in the Hotel Islan-Hane than did this paper. The news flew like wildlire through the town, and swiftly at the hoels of the official notification came the rumors—soon confirmed—that the whole staff of the Imperial Ottoman Bank was preparing for immediate departure, and that the railway employes were about to move their beadquarters and their rolling stock to the next station, eleven miles away In a marvellously short space of time there were crowded botel, and the unfortunate proprietor was reduced to the last stage of despair.

AN EXCELLENT TARGET.

The Islan-Hand stands in a commanding and inviting position, close to the bank of the river and tely opposite a long, evil looking battery on immediately opposite a long, evil looking battery on the Roumanian shore. This battery has been an object of surpassing interest to the guests at the hotel for some days. Our most ab-sorbing occupation has been to gaze across the broad stream at the long mound with the little notches in it, which has day by day assumed more symmetrical and portentous proportions. A certain window of the hotel (through which it is highly probable a shell will shortly enter and reduce the Islah-Hane to a wrock) has been a favorite observatory, and at all ours of the day it has bristled with the barrels of field glasses and telescopes intently pointed at the Wallachian redoubt. The view from the window is a fine one. Immediately below the hotel garden flows the Danube, its immense expanse stretching to right and there by balf submerged islands, covered with osiers and reeds. On the right, down the stream, and distent about three miles, is the Roumanish town of Glurgevo-the copoles of its great church glittering in the sug-minute and affording a most tempeting target to a gua-ner. No doubt the minarets of our mosques on this side offer equally alluring marks to our Christian side, the towers of the orthodox Church on the other. between the two a fine open range of just the distance that an artilleryman delights to show his skill-wha more could the heart of soldier desire?

Although we are here at the extreme front, and as near the enemy as we possibly can be until he crosses the river, when we nope to become better acquainted, the starting official notice of to-day has come upon us like a thief in the night-unawares. We have h ample warning.

riving from Giurgevo by boat. Coming as they did jected to a stringent examination, and a slight dis-crepancy in the name of one of them as given in his much shaking of heads and rubbing of chins at the government house. These adventurous gentlemen reported that 80,000 rations of bread, meat and wine had been ordered to be ready at Bucharest for the 7th inst., and that the advance guard of a body of Russian troops was due at Glurgevo that evening

THE RUSSIANS IN SIGHT. And sure enough next morning the watchers at the observatory window of the hotel were rewarded by the sight of a squadron of cavalry. "There are the Cossacks at last!" was the cry. But the horsemen, who had ridden forward to the bank of the river, were apparently in scarlet uniforms, with brass belinets, and looked to all the world like a troop of English dragoons. Cossacks or not, there was "the enemy," boldly surveying us. The game was about to begin.

AN INCIDENT. On the 8th yet another special correspondent put in his appearance, and he, too, had passed the Rubicon. He was accompanied by two American missionaries, one of whom has been to Posth, and left there, in safety, his wife and family, he himself having returned to share with his Bulgarian flock the dangers of a state of war. The advent of this second boat load gave rise to an incident which might have been traught with us all something else to think about besides the retroopers and "the battery." The whole southern mouth of the river, is patrolled by Turkish scatters. I can answer for some miles in the neighborhood of Rastchuk, for I have seen the sentinels posted at no more than one hundred yards apart on either side of the town. It is the duty of these lookout men not to allow any one to land; in fact, not to permit any buman being to come within range of their ritles with out knowing his business. The boat containing the party had safely arrived at the landing stage of Rust chuk, but they were sternly forbidien to disembark

AN INNOSPITABLE RECEPTION. The boat was made fast to a steamer, and for tw mortal hours the passengers were allowed to tosk which had assombled. Finally one of the missionari aw some one he knew, and begged him to letch the British Consul, who, by the bye, is also the Consul for the United States. It appears that the Cousul, who it is said, had nothing about his costume which would denote his official rank, after having remonstrated with the authorities at the mading place for leaving the passengers in an open boat ipstead of taking them on shore under arrest, turned to go to the Konak, or l'acha's palace, to obtain the necessary permission to land, and was, unknown to himself, closely followed by the correspondent and missionaries. Suddenly a Purkish officer ran forward, put up his hands and parred the Consul's way.

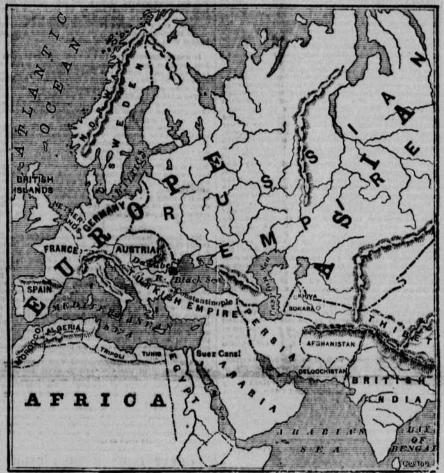
ENERGETIC ACTION. The Consul is not the sort of man who likes to have

his way barred and he gave the officer a push with both hands, which sent him reeling backward. He then became aware that the "gentlemen from Roumania" go at once to the consulate he proceeded to the palace and reported the case. The officer did likewise, re ported the "push" as a "coup de poignée," and so the matter stands. On the one hand it is asserted that the Consul violated the blockade, defied the military au-thorities and struck an officer in discharge of his duty; on the other hand, the Consul lett himself bound to go to the assistance of those cutified to his protection who had been ill treated by the authorities at the river side. It is a question of conflict of authority between the military government of a province in a state of war and the civil functionary of a foreign State resident scarcely fail to be one of the objective points of the | in that province. We are promised an official paper on

FROM VARNA TO RUSTCHUK.



THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE EAST



One thing is certain. Had the officer ordered the

soldiers who were near to arrest the Consul we might Who can tell what would have been the result of such We had just begon to calm down after the dragoons and battery had recovered their popularity, when the "bombardment scare" came upon us. We are at this moment in the height of it. The dinner table was deserted this evening, and there was a general disposition to gather in affectionate groups as far as possible from the once favored window. are no guns in the battery yet, Colonel," said a gentlethe earthwork, to a gallant colonel in the British army, who expects to follow the campaign with the Turks. "Yes there are," said the Colonel; "I've seen 'em. Room No. - was vacant shortly after.

A RUN ON THE BANK. The first phase of the panic having in a measur subsided, the next stage has manifested itself. There is a run on the bank! The authorities of the branch of the Banque Impériale Ottomane having announce that they would be off to Vienna to-morrow, with them will depart our last opportunity of supplying ourselves with the wherewithal to support existence in the in terior of Turkey cut off from all financial conveniences.

COMMUNICATIONS INTERRUPTED. We are losing our regular mail communication, our telegrams are half of them politely returned, "arrete per ordre supérieur," the rest having undergone a keen consorship are forwarded if military messages not block the line. And now the bank has gone. There barded we shall be, I suppose, to-morrow.

STILL IN SUSPENSE-THE RUSSIAN BATTERIES AT GIURGEVO SILENT-A PEACEFUL SCENE UNDER THE WAR CLOUD'S SHADOW-PRO-CLAIMING FRATERNAL LOVE THROUGHOUT

RUSTCHUK, May 12, 1977. We have not been bombarded as yet, and our recent care has almost subsided. In fact, just at present we are rather inclined to resent the inactivity of that earthwork across the river, and are now asking each other in a jaunty sort of way why the enemy man the battery it he doesn't intend to use it. If his object was mercly to frighten the women Rustchuk into fits and make the non-combatant mate population nervous (of course I exclude special coryou know), the ugly looking bank, with its niele and angles, admirably tuitiled its purpose; but, if all those neat slopes and embrasures on the Roumanian shore are not a mere sham, the gentlemen who have been so assiduously working at them might send a shot or two across or drop at least one shell through the roof of the Grand Hotel Islan-Hane, so that some of us might have the opportunity of saying "I told you so." But no; to-day there is not a single human being visible anywhere on the Wallachian shore. Giurgevo wears the aspect of a deserted town, and some of the "cautions" gentiemen who recently took such a tancy to that part of Rustchuk which lies furthest from the river nave actually come back to the hotel. BEHIND THE BULLS.

There are rumors of encampments lying just over shore which contain from six thousand to sixty thousand men, the number varying according to the state of mina the tip of a Cossack's lance, these whisperings, es pecially in our reactionary state of mind, do not much

It is most glorious weather. The whole constitute of Rustchuk is basking in the sun; crowds of idlers form picturesque and brillfant groups on the blufts over the river and gaze dreamily across the great stream, whose surface is unbroken save by long, reedy islands; reaps a plentiful harvest of plustres. Everybody and

birds have just flitted, unjuvited but welcome, through mated conversation on the top of the door; the swallows are wheeling round the minarets and skimming stirs the leaves of the trees or the flags of the Consulates, and not a sound is to be heard that is not in har-A PICTURE OF PRACE.

It is a picture of peace and contentment, but, slas! a delusive one. Up yonder on the heights are camped thousands of armed men cager for war, the ground is seamed and scored in every direction with earthworks and batteries; the very silence and calmness of the river is a delusion, for it has been completely cleared of its vessels and boats in order that they may not attract the enemy's fire. Above and around us great guns are ready, trained and taid, whose fire commands the whole neighborhood for miles, including, I am glad to say, our old acquaintance, the hostile battery on the other side. But it is not so reassuring to know that one particular Turkish redoubt (we can see it plainly from the hotel windows) commands the town of Rust chuk, that our guns, so to speak, are turned against forcibly reminded when we look in that direction that we are in Bulgaria, and that the army which occupies the heights around us is not of the country or of th race that inhabits it. That battery is a testimony silent as yet, of the natural autipathy which must exist between the conquering Moslem and the conquered THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.

It is one of the most striking things in Turkey, this presence of an alien and warlike race among a subju gated population, and I am bound to add that I, or one prefer the character of the victors to that of the vanquished. Let any one glance at an ethnological map of the country; he will be astonished to see how small an area the scattered dots, which represent the pure furkish population, occupy compared to the great masses of territory inhabited by the native races. Bosnia, Albania, Bulgaria, Thessaly, all these are the seats of tribes and races distinct from that which governs them. Constantinopie, the capital, is cosmopolitan, with a Christian population far outnumbering the Mussulman. To outer into the political relationmiex Empire would be to recount a twice-told tale the sword is to have its turn in the attempt to solve the problem. "Holy Russin" has entered upon another crusade to "ameliorate" the condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte, and the eagles are voiled in black on the gates of the Russian Embassy

p Pera Perhaps when the covering is removed there may be nother quartering upon the imperial shield-another fair province may be torn from the Ottoman Empire and added to the overgrown Colossus of the North as a "material guarantee." It is not sufficient for the champion of the Slavs, the head of the orthodox country which he is about to invade there exists the most perfect religious teleration; that the Greek, the Slav, the Jew can with impunity set up their places of worsnip in the land and enjoy without let or hindrance the rites and traditions of their sneestry. The shadow of the minaret falls athwart the roof of the Christian church, the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer with the sound of mass bell in his ears. But comething more is wanted, although precisely what that something is no one seems to know, and Russia has arrogated to herself the right of bringing that A PIOUS PROCLAMATION.

Some days ago the walts of Rustchuk were placarded with a proclamation, printed in parallel columns in the Turkish and Bulgarian languages, and of which the following is a translation :-

OFFICIAL NOTICE TO THE POPULATION OF THE DANCHIAN It is known to you that we are at war with Russia.
Let us all try to delend the Empire, our common country, and grard her sacred rights. Our enemy, under the indicance of his evil intentions, having tried by mirgue to produce quarrels among the nations who are the sens of one and the same country, and having nodertsken to amoliorate the present condition of the Christian subjects of the imperial government, has

come between the Ottoman government and its subjects with this excuse, and thus threatens the independence of the imperial government.

Every one knows that independence is the soul of every kingdom, and that without it it is impossible to have. A good father, who takes care of his children and inmity, does not accept the interference of others. It he does he foregoes his paternal rights. His imperial Majesty, our King and master, has given evidence of his benevolent intentions by the proclamstion of the constitution for all his subjects without difference. The constitution has made the liberty and rights of the Osmablis firmer, and has opened the doors of the new reforms, which will be in harmony with the laws to be issued by the House of National Representatives. This house is now working with entire freedom for our welfare, and is composed of men, our countrymen and brothers, who are well acquainted with our condition. The reforms which now begin to come into force will succeed only if there be confidence and peace in the country. But, as our enemy knowsail tuis perfectly well, he wants to stop us in this our beneficial indertaking, and puts forth all his power to destroy the peace and tranquillity of which we stand so much in need.

The imperial government considers itself compelled to resist such means by force. Having confidence in the assistance of the merciful God, who is the supporter of right, the imperial troops, with those victorious qualities by which they are distinguished, have taken up arms to defend the rights of the imperial government and the whole Ottoman Empire. After the success of these heroes we hope for a new epoch which will be peaceial and prosperous.

The inhabitiants of the villages are the sous of one and the same country, and the love which two brothers bear toward coch other must maturally be shown in such hard times as these. We must, therefore, all show confidence and love toward each other, and unite in common action with brotherly affection. If there are among you any weak mi

In addition to this proclamation, the Bishop of Rustchuk has issued a pastoral letter, addressed to all of his diocese, enjoining them and their charge to pire, threatened by the enemy "under seemingly good pretexts, but with covert, artiul and ruinous inten ions." Nothing has been left undone to calm the Bulgarian population, and, should proclamations and astoral letters fail, there is strong probability that the battery on the beights will speak to the "weak ninded men" of Rustchuk-if any there be.

There is a terrible dearth of news in Rustchuk. Of ocal incidents we have now and then one which brings out our pocketbooks; but, as a general thing, we correspondents may be said to vegetate, and the utter drive some of the more wartike of us forth in quest of adventures. It may be asked why we have tarried here so long all the day idle. The answer is simple. We are all waiting for our buyuruldus, these magic documents which will enable us to repair to the headquarter staff of the Ottoman armies and follow the campaign. Small chance, I fear, most of us have of ever seeing a buyuruldu, but we have learned to pro-nounce the word and that is something!

BOOKS AND AUTOGRAPHS.

Autographs went begging at Bangs' yesterday after-Theodore Tilton's autograph letter, with signature, only brought five cents; George Francis Train's found a purchaser at seven cents, Clement C. Vallan-dingham, ten cents; Authony Wayne, terty cents; Noah Webster, of dictionary fame, sold for \$1 30, while the author of Worcester fetched but twenty-five cents, Tom Moore's fetched \$3 25, and Dickens, which usually fetches \$5, sold for \$1; Charles Kean, thirty-five cents; William C. Macready, 35 cents; the Duke of Wellington, \$2 10; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, \$4 25; Gladstone, \$3 50; Mme. de Stael, \$4 50. A long letter from King George I. to the Czar of Russia sold for \$4 50. Probably no autograph sale in many years has letched such low prices. The books fared as badly. The Correspondence of Heury Laurens, large paper copy, with insertions of sixty-five plates and portraits, and autograph letters of Henry Laurens and teneral McIntosh one volume, quarto, bound in half morocco, git, \$17 50; Holiand Memorial, sketch of the life of George Holland, the veteran comedian, large paper, with lifty-four plates and portraits inserted, one volume, large octave, \$10 50; Parton's Life of Benjamin Franklin, large paper copy, unbound, with 611 plates and portraits for illustrating the same, and including ninety-eight different portraits of Franklin, \$200; Hancrel's Minterest portraits and plates (inlaid by Trent), ready for binding, \$216; Miss Booln's History of New York, which cost nearly \$1,500 to illustrate, was withdrawn for want of a sufficient bid. ton, \$2 10; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, \$4 25; Glad-

TO VOTE OR NOT TO VOTE.

A goodly number of carnest and devoted men and Clemence L. Lozier, on Fourteenth street, last evencasion was the sinual meeting of the Woman's Suffrage Society, and considerable routine business was transacted, such as the reading of minutes and reports and the electing of officers for the coming year. The part of the building. ence L. Lozier; Vice Presidents, Helen M. ence L. Lozier; Vice Presidents, Helen M. Slocum, Margaret Austin, Sarah Goodyear; Corresponding Secretary, Jeannie D. M. Lozier; Foreign Secretary, Clara Neymann; Recording Secretary, Clara Neymann; Recording Secretary, Holon M. Gooke; Chairman Executive Committee, Lillie Devereaux Blake; Treasurer, J. Mc. Adam. A speech was delivered by ex-Governor Lee of Wyoming. Governor Lee showed the practical side of the suffrage question, and his remarks were followed by appliance.

Among those present who have identified themselves with "the causes" were Mrs. Lillie Deversaux Biake, Mrs. Mary Kylo Dallas, Mr. Bronson Murray and Mr. J. H. Johnston. A pleasunt and instructive meeting was brought to a close with music, Miss Arabella Root kindly lending her voice to the entertainment of the company.

ILLNESS OF MR. SAMUEL SLOAN.

Mr. Samuel Sloan, President of the Delaware, Lackwanna and Western, the Michigan Central and other railroads, has not been at his office since Monday last. A rumor on the street prevailed yesterday that he was confined to his nome by a serious attack of brain fever connect to his nome by a serious attack of brain fever and that he is being attended by three physicians. This is denied at the office of the company. Mr. Scho-field, Mr. Sloan's private secretary, stated yesterday that Mr. Sloan has merely a cold and does not think it prudent to leave his home, and that the office is in daily telegraphic communication with him. The ru-mor is supposed by them to have been started for stockjobbing purposes.

KILLED WITH AN AXE

SUPPOSED DEATH FROM HEART DISEASE POUND TO BE MURDER.

Mrs. Daley, who resides at No. 160 Wallabout street, Brooklyn, returned to her home about six o'clock on Fuesday evening last and found her husband, Thomas, forty-four years of age, a blacksmith by trade, lying in the ballway of their residence in an unconscious condition. Supposing him to be under the influence of honor she carried him into their apartments and placed him on a sofa. About half past ten o'clock but he did not respond. She suddenly felt his hand become cold and in a short time he was dead.

It was believed at the time that Daley had dropped

It was believed at the time that Daley had dropped. become cold and in a short time be was dead. It was believed at the time that Daley had dropped dead in his haliway of heart disease. Yeaterday afternoon Dr. Creamer held a bost-mortein examination on the body, when the lact was brought to light that death had been caused by a fracture of the skuli. Captain Riley, upon learning this, went immediately to the vicinity of Daley's residence, and, by a searching luvestigation, found out that between four and five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon the deceased visited the apartments of Patrick Conway and his wife Catharine next door, No. 168 Wallabout street. The deceased had been in Mr. and Mrs. Conway's company but a short time when all hands indulged in drilek. This finally resulted in a quarrel. Daley concluded to go nome, and when he reached the stoop Mrs. Conway, who had followed close behind with her hasband, pushed nim from it. Just as he was about going through a hole in the fence dividing the yards, Mrs. Conway, it is alleged, struck Daley on the side of the head with an axe. At the same time her husband grasped a clothes pole and pushed him with it until he was in his own yard. Mrs. Conway, who still retained possession of the axe, then hurled it after Daley, striking him on the side of the head. Daley with difficulty crawled into the hallway of his residence, where he was found by his wife. Captain Riley arrested Conway and his wife and locked them up, but both denied having caused Daley's death, although they sdmit the light with the deceased.

At six o'clock last evening Coroner Nolan and a jury

censed.

At six o'clock last evening Coroner Nolan and a jury At six o'clock last evening Coroner Nolan and a jury viewed the body of Daley, after which the inquest was adjourned until to-morrow afternoon.

Mary Glehan, residing at No. 156 Wallabout street, stated to the coroner that she had witnessed the assault, and could not rest until she had told the police about it.

A TEMPERANCE DEMONSTRATION.

A call has been issued in Brooklyn for a public secting in advocacy of the enforcement of the recent decision of the Court of Appeals against liquor stores The meeting, which will be held on Monday evening next, at the Athenseum, corner of Cinnon and Atlantic streets, will be addressed by Dr. Howard Crosby and others. Among the signers of the call are lishop Littlejohn, Revs J. T. Duryos, W. I. Budington, H. W. Beecher, A. S. Huut, H. P. Van Dyke, H. M. Scudder and other clergymen.

A BOSTON HORROR.

Terrible Scenes at the Burning of a Crowded Tenement House.

TWO PERSONS KILLED.

Hair-Breadth Escapes of the Panic-Stricken Tenants.

Boston, June 7, 1877. The burning of the crowded tenement house last evening on the corner of Shawmut avenue and Please ant street, of which you were advised by telegraph was more serious than at first supposed. One woman third story window, and a man unmed Thomas Bissell and several others, who lesped from the burning build-ing, are now lying at the City Hospital in a critical ondition. There are various opinions as to the origin of the fire, some to the effect that it was the work o an incendiary, others that it was caused by a fissh of were discovered, and another (more probable) in the it was caused by the explosion or breaking of a kero instant was winding furiously up a winding stairway (the only means of egress from the building), and the situation of the twenty-five or thirty belpless in was at once startling and critical,

They harried to both the front and rear windows

and with frantic gestures and shouts implored those below to come to their rollef. In the fifth story, in a bay window nearly sixty feet from the ground, stood a in her arms, and as the flames surrounded them on all sides and there were no visible means of escape, a groan wont up from the struggling mass of people in the street below. All were eagerly looking at them, when Mr. Moses Packard, a member of Insurance Company No. 2, and Dr. George E. Dillingnam, seizing a fourteen-foot ladder

part of the building. The name of the uniortunate lady is Mrs. Sarah Carr, and she
is a drossmaker by trade. Similar acts of daring were being enacted in the rear also, and it
was in this portion of the building that an aged man.
Thomas Braseli by name, being driven from his room
in the rear of the fourth story, rushed to the window.
He was immediately seen by the members of Hook and
Ladder Company No. 3, who shouled to him to hold on
for a lew moments and they would make an effort to
save him. But, frightened by the fire and blinded by
the smoke, he deliberately hung out of the window
and let so, failing to the ground beneath, a distance of
about fifty feet. He, too, was taken to Dr. West's
apothecary shop, on Pleasant street, and subsequently
to the City Hospital, where he died in about half an
hour after his arrival.

FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH.

The fint above the one occupied by Mr. Bissell was
rented by Mr. Thomas E. Ash and family, which consisted of his son, Andrew P.; his housekceper, Mrs.
Mary E. Matheson, and his daughter, Annie, a little
girl, eleven years of age, who was sick in bed at the
time, and his married daughter. Mrs. Eliza B. Arglya.
So rapidly did the flames spread in this direction that
they, too, were cut off from all means of escape and
were driven to the roof. Here, as at other places, did
the firemen show their mettle, and after twenty mioutes' hard work every member of the family was
transferred to the sidewaik in salety, life lines and
isdders being used, the flames all the time beating in
their faces.

All of the above, with the exception of Mr. Ash and
son, were more or less burned—Mrs. Arglyn so severely that two rings had to be cut off her fingers.
Her leg was also severely burned. Dr. Newton, ste
whose office they were taken, did all in his power for
their relief.

On the second floor, Mr. Henry Munson had a room,
and he, together with a Mr. Apploton, who was visiting
him at the time, were successful in making their
escape, although with considerable difficulty, owing to

the dense smoke which permeated every portion of the house.

Mr. William S. Prescott, one of the tenants, says he had returned from his work and, dreamed only its had pants, shirts and stockings, he was in his parlor with his family, when his wile noticed the wife of a freeman who lives on the opposite side of the street gesticulating excitedly to parties below in the street. On opening the window Mr. Prescott looked downward and remarked to her husband that the house was on fire and the flames were pouring out from over the front door. Opening his parlor door, leading to the entry, he discovered that the stairs were all ablaze and the entry thick with smoke. Finding escape by this means impossible, he only remained long enough to cry out "Fire," hoping to warn those in the upper part of the bouse not already warned, and then, with his wife and child, passed into an adjoining room. A window in this room looked out upon the stanting roof of a state, a bassage intervening about six feet wide, at the bottom of which, some dozen or fifteen feet below, was a glass skripht. Mrs. Prescott jumped on to the skylight. Adjoining the above shed is another one with a flat roof, my. Prescott then took his child, lour years old, and tossed it into the arms of its mother, and then he jumped and was drawn to the flat roof in the same mauner.

HOW HISSELL LOST HIS LIFE.

tossed it into the arms of its mother, and then he manner.

How HISELL LOST HIS LIFE.

Mr. B. A. Atkinson, proprietor of an upholstery adjoining the partially destroyed building, makes an interesting statement as to the manner in which the old gentiemen, Mr. Thomas Bissell, met his death, Mr. Atkinson was one of those who hold a mattress for Mrs. Sarah Carr to jump upon, as stated this morning. After this Mr. Atkinson was one of those who hold a mattress for Mrs. Sarah Carr to jump upon, as stated this morning. After this Mr. Atkinson went upon his own shed and saw Mr. Bissell hanging by one of the shutters of the fourth story, some litteen feet above where he stood, and three or four feet to his left. The unfortunate man had been hanging in that manner for hearly for minutes, endeavoring to swing himself by means of the blind on to the saed on which Mr. Atkinson stood. A clothes line was run out close at hand and Mr. Atkinson attempted to take it down for the purpose of throwing it to Mr. Bissell, but was delayed in so doing by the hus becoming entangled. He kept encouraging the old man to hold on for a moment longer, and finally succeeded in getting the line free, and was about to throw it to the unfortunate man when the lattor, unable from sheer exhaustion to hang on any longer, said,

"I'm doing, nors,"
and in an instant he let go his hold and fell to the ground. He was immediately picked up and taken into Morrow sasion, but in a few moments with the worls, "I'm daying' dying," on its lips, he breathed his last. As he was hauging by the shutter ne appeared to realize his fearful situation, and just before he dropped he smiled upon those who had done all in their power to save him, as if to thank them for their efforts. Had a short laider been procurable the man could have been saved. Mr. Biswell was apparently about sixty years of age, was a music teacher by profession and lived alone.